

T H E
Country Correspondent :

Humbly address'd to .

GUSTAVUS VASA, *Esq;*

A N D

All the Never-enough-to be admir'd,
imitable, and incomparable Authors of
that famous, excellent, and fine New
Patriot PLAY,

CALL'D,

The Deliverer of his Country.

Which lately narrowly escap'd being Acted.

*Bombatio! Stridor! Clangor! Tarantura! Murmur!
I'll Bound! I'll Spring! I'll knock the weakened Pole!
I'll knock so hard! — I'll strike thro' it a Hole!*

Pickering Rich, *Esq;*

And NOTHING wonder'd how this SOMETHING was!

Brooke's Universal Beauty.

Parturiunt Montes! Nascetur Ridiculus Mu-!

We might well call this short Mock-Play of ours,

A Posy made of Weeds instead of Flowers;

Yet such have been presented to your Noses,

And there are such, I fear, who thought 'em Roses.

Prologue to the Rehearsal.

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and Sold by the Booksellers of *London* and *West-*
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T H E

Country Correspondent:

Handy address

GUSTAVUS VASA, Esq.

A N D

All the necessary to be admitted
to the Society, and to the Authors of
the New Edition, and the New
Edition of the



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*A LETTER from a Friend of the
COUNTRY CORRESPONDENT's to
the Publisher of that Pamphlet.*

Will's Coffee-House, Charing-Cross,
May 15, 1739.

S I R,

THO' it has been a long time strongly insinuated (and particularly puffed about by a *Hackney Coachman, who sometimes wears a second-hand Velvet Livery*) that violent Prosecutions and Informations, &c. were to be exhibited against the Publishers of the COUNTRY CORRESPONDENT, in order to intimidate the Booksellers, &c. from vending it; you may let such boastful Hero's be acquainted, notwithstanding all their poor, weak Endeavours, and idle Reports, THESE PAPERS will be *occasionally continued*, and are still *bought of*, and *sold by*, the Booksellers and Pamphlet-sellers of *London and Westminster*: And the Gentleman who wrote it, not being at all ashamed, or afraid of his Cause (*in Defence of which he will advance nothing but Truth*), is ready to face any Antagonist, when thought proper, in any Court of Justice in *England*; as he dare, if necessary, on any Spot of Ground, avow
A himself

himself to be the Author, to any Man who has a *just Title* to the Name of a *Genleman*, and is a Person of *real Worth* and *Honour*. The COUNTRY CORRESPONDENT has Generosity and Humanity enough to believe, *some may, possibly, be such, however unhappily they are mistaken in their Principles, or their Minds misguided by their Politic Instruētors*. He cannot, tho', pay that Complement to ROMAN CATHOLICK WHIGS (so inconsistent and ignorant are some Men, they think they can be both) who have affected, of late, to be mighty *publick spirited Politicians* and *Patriots*, and have warmly talked in the Defence of the Liberty of the Press, as they call it; tho', as they abuse it, one might stile it, *The Licentious Freedom of throwing Dirt on their Betters*, into whose Company they may have formerly impudently thrust themselves, and have been well treated, from not being known. As a *French Cook*, or a *Taylor*, may have been mistaken, by Chance, for a *Marquis*, from his *Laced Cloaths*, and *Be-powdered Peruke*, 'till being found out, he has been decently shewn the Side of the Door next the Street, and desired never to come there again. These Sort of modest, tender-hearted Men, if their Conscience accuses them, they are in the least like any humorous, feigned, Character, in a Play, a Farce, or any publick Piece (notwithstanding, for *Lucre*, they themselves would libel their *Patrons*, or their *Parents*) immediately are stung; and then, the nettled half-blooded *Biggots* wish for the Power of an Inquisition, to destroy all their *Heretical Non-Admirers*.

But, God forbid they should ever have any such Power in *England*; or, that ever a *thorough-bred Papist* should (whatever Mask or Cloak he may hide himself under) be mistaken for a *Friend* to the present *Royal Family*, our happy *Establishment*, and well conducted *Administration*; or to any one who wishes well to either.

As

To the Publisher.

5

As I know you to be one of the real Friends of our Constitution, give me Leave to congratulate you on the *Loyal* and *Spirited* Address the *Lords* have lately made to His MAJESTY, which will *strongly convince* some *foreign Powers*, the true Sense of the *Honour* and *Interest* of the *Nation* still subsists among our *British Nobility*; nor are they wanting in their *Allegiance* to their *King*, whatever may be basely asserted to the contrary, by low, mercenary and malicious Minds.

Your allowing this a Place in your Pamphlet,
will oblige, S I R,

Your humble Servant,

FRANK TOWNLY.

P. S. As I profess myself a Friend of the *Country Correspondent's*, give me leave to assure you,
He is a Man, of whom may be said,

Ne quid Falsi dicere Audeat, ne quid Veri non Audeat.





T H E
Country Correspondent,

T O
GUSTAVUS VASA, *Esq;*

Incomparable S I R,

Sat. May 26, 1739.



S you are a Person of extraordinary Consequence, instruct me in what Manner, thou doughty Hero, thou darling Patriot, and delectable Poet, so lowly a Suppliant as a Country Gentleman shall venture to address you; for to be sure, 'SQUIRE (by the Title Page of your Mock-Tragedy, I find you are *fond* of THAT TITLE) you have lately been visiting the unhappy Inhabitants of *Moorfields*, where you caught the Infection, 'till you thought yourself, at least, a *Monarch*. 'Tis Pity but you had remained there, 'till Bleeding, Shaving, and Purging, had cooled your Noddle and your Blood, and brought you to your Senses; which appear to have been lately strangely *disturbed* with the wild Ideas of Tragedy-Truncheons, Copper-Crowns, Spangled Robes, and Nodding Plumes, 'till you have bellow'd out such Fustian Rhapsody and Bumbast, as never entered the Penicranium of poor *Nat. Lee*—when in his higest Flights of real Madness.

Rightly

Rightly did your wise Assistants and Admirers declare, *Shakespear, Otway, Addison, &c.* were all out-done—For, if ever they wrote any thing like your Tragedy, may I be condemn'd never to read any of them again.

But, not to lose Time, which can barely be said to be made any Use of, while thrown away upon you—Permit me, *Sans Ceremonie*, to enter upon your elaborate Dedication, which you were so many Weeks straining hard to bring forth—Had you followed the Example of your Brother *Bayes*, and used stewed Pruants, 'twould have eased you mightily. Nor had our Lords and Commons so long waited for your costly Production—You seem to have thought yourself, Master *Gustavus*, of such Consequence, I wonder you did not publish (in a *Craftsman* or *Common Senseman*) your High and mighty Pleasure, that the Business of the Nation should stand still, 'till they had heard *your Royal Speech*, which you deign to call (thro' your extraordinary Modesty) a Prefatory Dedication. Your *Nashonal* Bashfulness has made you strike out the Beginning, which, I am informed, in Manuscript, stood thus; *My Lords and Gentlemen*. So it should have remained, as suitable to the Dignity of such a Bard, Politician, Patriot, &c. &c. By the Way, as your Subscribers are of both Sexes, would it have been amiss to have added, my *Ladies, Abigals, and Gentlewomen*?

You are really, Sir, I confess, a very *National* Man, and your whole Dedication favours strong of the Nation—This is no Flattery, for your own Words declare you are fond of *National Liberty, National Welfare, &c.* (not forgetting *National Subscriptions*) That is to say, the Word *National*, which you make use of in every Page, and almost every Paragraph, of your Prefatory Dedication, or Dedicatory Preface—Had you no strong Debates with *your learned Cabal*,

Cabal, whether it should be called the one or the other—You say, you took your Subject from the History of *Sweden*—Strange News indeed—I suppose you meant, by way of Compliment, to hint to your Readers, your Opinion of their Ignorance—But could you suppose they were unknowing of what Country *Gustavus* was the Deliverer?—Well, I believe you did take your Subject from the History of that *Gothick* and glorious Nation; and I farther believe, you took your Poetry from thence: tho' some have been ill-natur'd enough to say, your Heroes speak the Language of *Lapland*, or rather, no Language at all. A certain Wit, tho', was pleased to declare, He really thought your Merit, as an Author, fairly entitled you to be Poet Laureat to the *Goths*; and, if they had no such Officer yet, he hoped they would make you, at least, Secretary to the *Vandals*.

Your *flaming, fiery* Genius displays itself before we come to your Play; for, I think, in about five Lines of the fifth Paragraph of your Prefatory, Patriotic Preface, you give us all this *warm Shine* of Stile at once, *viz.* UNEXTINGUISHABLE SPARKS to light *Great-Britain* in a dark Night, I presume. A FLAMING SWORD to protect her against accidental Street Robbers, or the Trained Bands, and VITAL HEAT (what's that? a Dram?) against *INTESTINE MALIGNITIES*. By that, I suppose, you mean the *Gripping of the Guts*: And then you stick the Crown of the Monarch full of SPARKS and GEMS, *i. e.* *Small Coal Dust* and *Kerry Stones*.

Pray, Sir, did you intend to raise our Wonder, of our Laughter, by all this glorious Stuff? Or, what the Devil did you propose? To frighten and amaze Children? Or, as you grew conscious Gentlemen would be heartily provoked at their Disappointment, when they came to read your Play; I suppose you were resolved to give them enough in
your

your Preface, to make them throw down your Book, as *Smith* does in the *Rebearsal*, when he very justly says, *'Death! this would make a Man Spew.* But, like your *Original Brother Bayes*, you seem resolved to *elevate and surprize* at any rate. To take you entirely to pieces, would fill Volumes in Folio; which were as idle as writing so many Remarks on the famous Histories of *Thomas Hickathrift*, or *Jack the Giant Killer*, two Heroes that I recommend to your Consideration; and should you honour them so far as to bring them on the Stage, I dare say, even the *Tragedy of Tragedies*, or *Tom Thumb the Great*, would be thought little if compared to them.

Your intended Sneer, my Dearest, at the Dignity of the L—— C——'s Office, which I think runs thus; "*Had the Dignity of the L—d C——'s Office, condescended, as some would insinuate, to a Theatrical Examination of the Drama, to a critical Inquisition of the Conduct, the Unites, and Trick of Scenery, even so I might have hoped for equal Indulgence with Farces, Pantomines, and other Performances of the like Taste and Genius.*"

This sneering Paragraph, I say, I must beg Leave, High and Mighty *Gustavus*, to retort on thee with a very little Variation—That, *out of thy own Mouth I may condemn thee.*

Had the Dignity of the L—d C——'s Office condescended to a *Theatrical Examination* of thy *Drama*, could you, my Hony, have Modesty enough to suppose thy *Rhapsodical Piece* could stand a *Critical Inquisition*?—Since thy *Conduct* is as wild as thy *Diction*? Tho' you seem, indeed, to have thought the little *Trick of Scenery* worth regarding: But as to the *Unites* you mention, I find you have *heard of the Word*; but I doubt you don't know what you mean when you use it—As an excellent *Tragedy* is, perhaps, one of the greatest and most meritorious

rious Productions of Poetry, a *bad one* may be said to be, one of the lowest Abuses of Poetry and the Stage, and therefore *ought not* to find equal Indulgence with Farces, Pantomines, and other harmless Performances of like Taste and Genius; unless one was to assert, with a great Counsellor, who (being lately reprimanded at the Bar for quoting a certain Author) told the Court, *that one bad Law Book was more serviceable than a hundred good ones, i. e. did more Mischief.*

In your very next Paragraph you say, *The Prohibition of your Play laid you under the Necessity of publishing it, to convince the Publick that (tho' of no valuable Consequence) you are at least inoffensive.*

As I have a sincere Respect for the Gentleman who is Examiner of Plays under the L— C——; and as he is really a Man of Honour, Learning, Birth and Fortune, I cannot allow myself the Liberty of trifling with his Name or Character, otherwise I might laughingly ask the Question, *Whether you did not make Interest with him to get your darling Deliverer of his Country prohibited from appearing in his Buskins within the Realms of Drury's Theatre?* You had a narrow Escape, my Jewel; for, had he stalked over the Stage but one Night, you would scarce have been drove to the *deplorable Necessity* of raising a *large Subscription*, to convince the Publick *it was of no valuable Consequence*; for, I believe (and I have heard many declare as much) the Majority of your Patrons find their Curiosity so disappointed, they wish they had laid out their Crowns to more purpose——But how you'll undertake to prove you are inoffensive, I can't readily devise, unless you would insinuate, you deserved Mercy from the Impotence of your Malice——But the Intention is obvious to every Child that can read——Naughty *Gustavy*, don't you know, some of your Countrymen (some Theatrical Assistants, Admirers and Puffers

Puffers of your's) when at Rehearsal they burst out into rapturous Acclamations at your fine Things, as they thought them, at the same Time join'd in their Fears of not being permitted to shine in the Parts you had allotted them? Fie! fie! Child, don't deal in Fable 'till you have a better Memory, lest you should make as bad a Figure in Conversation, as you do in your late purchas'd Tye-Wig and lac'd Velvet Waistcoat. As I hear you have a small Family, and they must eat, I am inclinable, in some sort, to excuse you; but what the Squire who is intrusted with the Direction of the Theatre can say for himself, in sending such a Play to be licens'd, I can't readily imagine. If he saw an abusive Design in it, 'twas his Duty to have reject'd it himself. If he pleads Ignorance, he is not fit for the Station he has thrust himself into—But he and his Abilities are, at length, well known.

Even your Preface seems inspir'd with the Spirit of *Hurlothrumbo*, and I could be well pleas'd my Lord *Flame* should set it to his *Recitativo*—It would not be unentertaining, were he to repeat it with his Fiddle in his Hand, and mounted upon his Stilts—The extatic Agonies he appear'd sometimes to throw himself into in his Theatrical Performances, must certainly be short of what you felt—So much were you in Earnest, you could not forbear printing your Groan, when you cry out, OH! NEVER MAY, &c. —Pray Heaven you do well after it. These Ah's! and Oh's! are but Expletives in Verse; but in Prose, are unpardonable. Methinks they may be call'd the meer Etcetera's of Woe: or, The Help-mates of a dull Genius.

Well, I own I have read your Play thro', but I promise you I will not do so again in haste: But, in grateful Return of the extravagant Joy I have received from your wonderful Work, I herewith send you

you a few Notes, which, if you take as they are meant, is all that's desir'd of you by, Sir, &c.

PROLOGUE.

Ask ye what Law their conquering Cause confess'd?

No Law at all, I suppose.

Our Bard, exalted in a free-born Flame.

Here the Author fancy'd himself upon the Top of the Monument, with blazing Bonfires around him—I hope he had no bad Design against the City.

He to no State, no Climate bounds his Page.

No, no, tho' it was a Subscription for a Crown, yet it is come down to Eighteen Pence, and, as 'tis thought, it will speedily be sold for Six Pence; any Nation may have it, *English, Scotch, Welch, Irish, Laplanders, and Hottentots*——To line Trunks, or keep People cleanly. “A Friend in Need is a Friend indeed.”

Necessary Alterations to be made in the Dramatis Personæ, or Persons represented.

M E N.

Cristiern, A hot headed, half witted, huff bluff Dragoon, that swears, bullies and blusters contrary to all Laws of Decency, Morality, or Common Sense, and fit only to be exhibited in a Puppet Show——Not in a Stage Play——Being merely the Phantom of the Poet's Brain, and unlike any thing that ever was.

* *Trollio*, alias *Trolly Lolly*, A Fellow with a few Brains, but a damn'd Rogue, therefore thought proper, by the ingenious Author, to be a B—— or a P——

M——

* I have heard, the Actor design'd for this Character, return'd the Part to the Prompter, to give to the Manager; being ask'd his Reasons, he reply'd, I shall give them to the Master (when requir'd) in private: In the mean Time, let this satisfy you
“Nolo Episcopari.”

M— A small Instance of his respectful Opinion of
his Betters,
Peterfon, A fly Fellow, and a Jack of both Sides.
Laertes, A pretty Page, and a mere Milk Sop.
Gustavus, A Blacksmith, and a Foot Soldier.
Arvida, A whining Blubberboy, and a pleasant
pretty sort of a Prince that's fond of going of
Errands unbid; and undertakes the Dirty Work
of a Spy.
Anderson, A Lord that has little or nothing to do.
Arnoldus, A Rebellious Parson that ought to be sent
under Mr. *Wh*——d to Georgia.
Sivard, An old hoping whipp'd-out Trooper.

W O M E N.

Cristina, A green sick Girl—Her Head somewhat
disordered with reading wild Romances, idle
Novels, and naughty Play Books.
Augusta, A good motherly old Woman.
Gustava, A little Child in a Bib and Apron.
Mariana, Alias Mrs. Mary, a prating Chamber-
maid——*Cristina's* Convenient.

A C T . I.

The Inside of the Copper Mines in Dalecarlia.
Did ever any Body hear of an Outside? This *Irish*
Scene, I suppose, was to have been painted by *Patrick*
Mac Ma-bone, Esq;
Arn. *He throws Inclemency aside.*
Arra, But how?
And. *His Dwelling marks a Secret in his Soul,*
And whispers somewhat more than Man about him.
These Lines should stand thus;
His Dwelling marks a Secret in his Soul,
And whispers something that is very foul.
Bayes says it is a hard Matter to pen a Whisper——
But our modern *Bayes* seems to fancy himself here in
the whispering Gallery at *St. Paul's*——Yet I don't
remember

remember ever to have heard before that the Building
whisper'd, tho' it might occasion the Words of a
Whisperer to reverberate.

And. *Bind him with sacred Friendship to my Soul,
And make him half myself.*

Arn. *'Tis Nobly promised.*

That's charmingly said--And nobly promis'd indeed.

Arn. ——— *While on his Brow
Sits Patience bathed in the laborious Drop
Of painful Industry.* ———

Here enter poor little Patience a Coekhorse upon
Gustavus's Forehead, half drowned in his Muck and
Sweat. Ah! that's quite new—One may truly
say, there never was any thing like it.

Arn. ——— *Sudden Passion seiz'd,
And bore him from his seeming; strait his Form
Was turn'd to Terror, Ruin fill'd his Eye,
And his proud Step appear'd to awe the World.*

And. *Your Words imply a Man of much Importance.*

* Arn. *So I suspected* ———

I think by this Description of *Gustavus*, the Words
may be said to imply a sort of Man that—One
does not know what to make of — Or a kind of a
staring, stalking Strutter, who might be call'd,
Monstrum Horrendum.

Well, but now enter *Gustavus*, who, I suppose,
was to be dress'd in an old Red Jacket—Greazy
Leathern Breeches—Sans Hose, Sans Shoes—A
Shock Head of Hair—And—A Sledge Hammer,
or, a Pick-Ax in his Hand—His Face very black,
sweaty and nasty.

N. B. It was thought proper at Rehearsal, this
Actor should be unshaved during the Run of the
Play, that a black Muzzle might make him look
the more Fierce and Terrible: But as it was ima-
gin'd

* *Arnoldus* says no more ——— “ Because he is suppos'd to
“ be a deep Politician; and Matters of State ought not to be
“ divulg'd.” Vide *The Rehearsal*.

gin'd the Strength and Length of his Bristles might incommode the Gentleman design'd for the Character, he was to be allowed a sufficient Quantity of burnt Cork, or Snuffs of Candles, at the Expence of the Director.

Gust. *Think of Stockholm !*

*When Cristiern seiz'd upon the Hour of Peace,
And drench'd the hospitable Floor with Blood ;
Then fell the Flow'r of Sweden, mighty Names !
Her hoary Senators, and gasping Patriots.
The Tyrant spoke, and his licentious Band
Of Blood-train'd Ministry were loosed to Ruin.
Invention wanton'd in the Toil of Infants
Stabb'd on the Breast, or reeking on the Points
Of sportive Javelins. Husbands, Sons, and Sires,
* With dying Ears drank in the loud Despair
Of shrieking Chastity. The Waste of War
Was Peace and Friendship to this civil Massacre.
O Heav'n and Earth ! Is there a Cause for this ?
For Sin without Temptation, calm, cool Villany.
Deliberate Mischief, unimpassion'd Lust,
And smiling Murder ?——*

All this is prodigious fine to be sure : But I am at a Loss to know whether you took the Hint from Herod's Cruelty, or a Butcher's Slaughter House— I'll undertake, however, to settle that Point, when you'll do me the Favour to tell me what you mean by *unimpassioned Lust*.

And. Gustavus ! Heav'ns ! 'Tis he ! 'Tis he himself !

Who the Devil should it be ?—For ought I can find, thro' this Scene *Anderson* might as well have known *Gustavus* before—But he makes up for that now, by positively asserting, 'tis not only he—— But he himself, — *Arra*, my dear Life, how the Devil would he be any body beside himself, unless he was drunk or mad ?

Arr.

* That dying Ear drinking of loud Despair, is as good as Mr. *Bayes's* grasping a Storm with an Eye. Vide *The Rebearfal*.

*Arv. Ha! What is he, who in the Shreds of Slavery
Supports a Step superior to the State,
And Insolence of Ermine?*

Ha! Yes—'Tis he!—Ye Pow'rs! it is Gustavus.

So *Arvida* asks the Question only to answer himself—A pretty sort of Dialogue; like the Sot who drank by himself, and cry'd, *Here's to you Dick—Thank you Richard*—But why the Insolence of Ermine? Is that poor little Beast so insolent a Creature? Or do you mean it as a Complement to Kings and their Nobles, whose Robes are ornamented with that Skin? If so, your Modesty and Good-manners are equally extraordinary——If you'll confine the Innuendo to some Theatrical Monarchs, I'll not disallow the Reflection.

Gust. Beyond the sweeping of the proudest Train.

That shades a Monarch's Heel——

Here you had the Actor's long Tragedy Robe strong in your Fancy.

Gust. For we must ride upon the Neck of Danger.

I doubt our Author, or some of his Assistants, have been mightily us'd to walk a Foot, and want now to be kicking their Heels on Horseback, they so often, thro' this Play, are for mounting—But what sort of a Beast is this Danger that must be rid on his Neck? Would not the Saddle be as well placed on his Back? —You exclaim against Pantomines, and yet seem to have been so fond of them, as to have borrowed many of your Images from thence——For this Line can hardly afford any other Idea than a Theatrical Dragon, or Broomstick, or Pitchfork, flying across the Stage, with so many odd Creatures upon it, some of them are forced to ride on the front End, or Neck of it.

Gust. No bold——If we want Oaths to join us,

Swift let us part, from Pole to Pole asunder.

A Cause like our's is its own Sacrament——Tho'

God knows a Blunder.

By

By many borrowed Passages of your Play, I can readily spy you have read several Tragedies—Yet, methinks, stealing so boldly from *Shakespear*, is an unpardonable *Faux Pas*—Or, would you have us believe, you never heard of *Brutus's* Reply to *Cassius* (who proposes the Conspirators to swear their Resolution) when he says,

No, not an Oath, &c.—

It was as absurd to hope this could be forgot, as it was over-bold in *Voltaire's* French *Atrogance*, to assert in his Preface to his *Junius Brutus*, That he wondered no *English* Poet had ever touch'd on that Subject, when it palpably appears, thro' his whole Piece, how much he has borrowed from *Nat. Lee*; an Author, you, my Dear, seem not unacquainted with—His Rants I mean—Sure you could not hope for a third Night; for, had you not been damn'd on the first; had the Players bellow'd up to your Writing, their Lungs must have fail'd them on the second Day: And there are some of those Perriwig-pated Fellows (as *Shakespear* calls them) too frequently desirous of splitting the Ears of the Groundlings.

A C T II.

*Crist. Yes, Trollio, I confess the Godlike Thirst,
Ambition, that would drink a Sea of Glory.*

Oons! What a monstrous Draught is here?

Troll.—Of Old I know them:

All born to Broils, the very Sons of Tumult;

Waste is their Wealth, and Mutiny their Birthright,

And this the yearly Fever of their Blood,

Their Holiday of War; a Day apart,

Torn out from Peace, and sacred to Rebellion.

Oft has their Battle hung upon the Brow

Of BUNHILL-FIELDS, a living Cloud of Mischiefs,

Pregnant with Plagues, and empty'd on the Heads

Of

Of many a Monarch.

By this Description, you have chose out such a Set of Fellows to wait on your Hero, as would make a pretty Figure, properly dispos'd in a Cart, for making *West Country Riots*, and pulling down Turnpikes—A Pack of rare Mohocks—Such as know no Law, obey no Magistrate—Pleasant Reformers of a Government, indeed; there's enough of them to be found frequently at *King's Coffee-house*, the *Bear-garden*, or *St. Giles's Pound*.

Crist. Monarchs they were not,

Pageants of Wax, the Moulding of the Populace,

Tame, poultry Idols, scepter'd up for Shew

And garnish'd into Royalty.—

This was borrowed from the Hint of a Waxen Army in *Fog's Journal*. Thro' your whole Drama, you appear to have read many of those Papers attentively—I hope you never wrote any of them.

Gent. Of Sweden.

From Angermannia, from Helsingia some

(And some with each from Middle Wallia come)

Some from Gemtian and Nerician Provinces.

These are *some* very extraordinary Tragedy Lines, and would sound well from the Mouth of the Actor, as they make a good Figure in Print.

Crist. (Damn'd Affectation) what a sullen Scorn

Knits up his Brow, and frowns upon our Presence.

What—ay—thou woud'st be thought a Mystery,

Some Greatness in Eclipse—(But not of the Moon)

Whence art thou, Slave?

Silent! nay then—Bring forth the Torture there—

A Smile! Damnation!—

This may be properly call'd, Cursing, Swearing, and Scolding in Elboicks. The sullen Behaviour of *Arvida* in this Scene, is a poor Imitation of *Osmyn's* Behaviour in the *Mourning Bride*, at his first Appearance—To enumerate all the Plays this *Trigamalthus* kill-Cow Author has stole from, would be end-

endless ; as, indeed, 'tis needless, to those who have had any Knowledge of a Theatre ; the frequent Thefts are so obvious.

Crist. *Fiends and Fire! —*

A Whirlwind tear the most audacious Traitor.
More nonsensical Cursing and Swearing.

Enter a Messenger as in haste.

Enter a Messenger as in a Hurry ; who, I suppose, was to run on in dirty Boots, as a Denotation of his hard Riding — *Cristiern*, after terrifying the poor Devil out of his Senses, like a wise Man, bids him not dare to be frightened. By my Shoul that was charmin !

Crist. *Unmov'd, I move the Whole, the cent'ring Nave, Where turns that mighty Circle — Speak thy Message.*

Here his Monarch is, after a nonsensical Masiner, transform'd into the Nave of a Coach, or a Cart Wheel ; which, by the Way, is not unmov'd itself, while the Wheel turns, tho' the Axletree is —
A small Blunder ; but pass it —

Crist. ——— *Hell ! I'd rather see*

This Earth a Desert, desolate and wild ;

And, like the Lyon, stalk my lonely Round,

Famish'd and roaring for my Prey — (till found)

This Hint is stole from some of the mad Rants of *Busiris*, where he says,

“ Like Death a solitary King I'll reign

“ O'er silent Subjects, and a Desert Plain ;

“ E'er brook their Pride, I'll spread a gen'ral Doom,

“ And ev'ry Step shall be from Tomb to Tomb.

Crist. *O Curse ! How Hell has tim'd its Plagues !*

This Monarch's Treasure would be greatly exhausted, were he to pay every Time he swears —

I doubt his Privy Purse (or the *Poet's Pauper Subscription*) would hardly hold out to answer the Demand, any more than my Paper would, should I take Notice of all his Oaths, or our modern *Bayes's* Mistakes, so I must beg leave to neglect many of them ; tho', as they stare every Reader in the Face,

methinks it is needless to point them out.

Crist. Thro' Copenhagen drew a Length of Chain.

That is,

FROM TOTTENHAM COURT TO GRAY'S-INN-
LANE.

Pray did you mean *Copenhagen* Alehouse, by *Islington*?—That *Copenhagen* is a happy mouthing Word, and the long Chain that drags after it, would have had a fine Effect in Speaking—What Pity it is we lost it!

But now for a little *Bartholomew Fair* trick of Scenery. Scene opens and discovers *Arvida* in Chains. Guards preparing Instruments of Death and Torture. He advances in Confusion.

Arv. Off, off, vain Cumbrance, ye conflicting Thoughts!
Leave me to Heav'n. O Peace! It will not be—
Just when I rose above Mortality——

—————*Help, ye Saints,*

Angelick Ministers descend, descend!

And lift me to myself, from Friend to Friend.

This is all so nobly pompous, and so strangely like thinking, that Words cannot speak its Praises—Only I would have recommended to the Author, as an Explanation of *Help ye Saints, Angelick Ministers descend, &c.*

I say, I would have recommended it to the Author, to have had, in this Place, some little Boys in white Shirts, and Pasteboard Wings, to have flown down with a Hand-Basket, in order to have carried *Arvida* up to himself——Who, to be sure, thought himself in the Clouds, as he frequently talks above a Mortal's Apprehension.

Arv. And be his Name the Balm of ev'ry Lip,

That breaths with Carpenters from Chip to Chip.

There's a new-invented Lip Salve for you——

Here Bayes scratch'd his Head, and cry'd, " Ah
" gad! that is as well as I can do, &c."

In the Scene between Trollio, alias Trolly Lolly;
and

and *Arvida*, alias *Whindle Bludderboy*, the Distinction made between a *Wife* and a *Bride* is exquisitely nice—Nothing can come up to it—But his owning her to be a *Woman*, and at the same Time declaring, She was *formed for Joys unknown to Mortals*—I doubt *Bayes*, Junior, hardly ever had any Conversation with a Female above an old College Bed-maker; so thought your Tragedy Beauties were formed only for Seraphicks—Their Tinsel Trains seem to have dazzled his Eyes and his poor Understanding strangely.

Arv. Yes, Peace has Sweets

[*He Swoons.*]

*That Hybla never knew; it sleeps on Down,
Cull'd gently from beneath the Cherub's Wing;
No Bed for Mortals—Man is Warfare—All
A Hurricane within—Yet Friendship stoops,
And gilds the Gloom with Falshood--Smiles and Varnish!
For still the Storm grows high, and then no Shore!
No Rock to split on! 'Twere a kind Perdition
To sink ten thousand Fatbom at a Plunge,
And fasten on Oblivion—There we hold,
And all is——Good Night!*

Some Corrections here humbly offered to the Author's Consideration: Would not Goose's Wings do as well as Cherubs for this Down Featherbed? Instead of Hurricane, I heard once some new-coin'd *Irish* Words that seem'd strangely expressive, and might do as well, viz. A *Calamma*, a *Circumflury*, and a *Hurrahus*. But *Arvida's* breaking off, because the Author could not go on, is incomparable.

It was, I hear, disputed at the Rehearsal, by the Prompter and Author, whether *Lavender*, or Spirits of *Hartshorn*, should be applied to *Arvida's* Nose when he faints: But the Property-Man declared, He durst not exceed his Commission, which was to use fair Water only; for his Master had given him positive Orders all Things should be done in the cheapest Manner, being a great Friend to *Œconomy*.

Enter Cristina, Mariana, and Attendants.

By the following Scene I imagine *Cristina* to be as I have described her in the *Dramatis Personæ* (in the *Green Sickneſs*) — To be ſure ſhe was but lately come from a Boarding-School, or a Bawd's Nurfery; and, by her being ſo hot upon it, I think ſhe might prove a dangerous Companion for thoſe of her own Years; which, by the Folly and Inexperience ſhe ſhews in this Scene, could not poſſibly be above Eleven or Twelve—What will ſhe be when ſhe comes to her Teens?

Criſt. *The Senſe but to have ſav'd that wondrous Man,
Is ſtill a ſmiling Cherub in my Breſt:*

A poor Hen Sparrow in an Iriſh Neſt.

This ſmiling Cherub was a pretty Baby, for Miſs *Criſtina* to play with, 'till ſhe got hold of her *Gigantick Guſtavus* (as ſhe repreſents him) to make a hugeous Husband of——

By all that I can gather from this Scene,
Guſtavus was as tall as *Berenchien*,

Miſs Critty ſhorter than a *Chineſe Queen* *.

To Miſs *Critty Maitre Laertes* enters, who ſeems as pretty a Boy, as the Page in *Philafter*, or *Douglas* in the *Albion Queens*——As does the Tag of the Act ſomewhat reſemble the Fondneſs of *Madam Selima* for *Axalla* in *Tamerlane*, who deſires the Prophet *Alba*, only to leave Mankind to themſelves a little, juſt to take care of her dear Bit.

A C T III.

Scene the Mountains of Dalecarlia, or, Sir H. Macworth's in Wales, or any other Place you pleaſe.

Enter Guſtavus as a Peaſant—Dalecarlians following.

Our Author reſolved to give us Variety: Now ſhifts the Scene again; and alſo changes his Hero's Drefs

* In theſe Lines, ſome, for *Berenchien*, read *Berenſtadt*; for *Chineſe Queen*—the *Cuzzoni*: But then the Rhimes are not ſo happy.

Dress from a Blacksmith to a Clown. Here the Actor was to be allowed to have his Face wash'd. As to the Unites of Time, Place, &c. his noble Genius scorns them all, and then cries, I and *Shakespear* are above minding those Things.

I remember two Lines of a Prologue I would offer to him as a Reply.

“ But *Shakespear*’s Self transgress’d, and shall each

“ Elf,

“ Each Pigmy Genius, quote great *Shakespear*’s Self?

But I don’t wonder at the modest Comparison, since some of the Puffers of this Play asserted before it came out, That a celebrated Poet should recommend this Tragedy to a Gentleman, with Words to this Effect, “ That the Author had a Mixture of “ *Shakespear* and *Milton*, with this Difference only “ (*Ironiando*) that he excelled them both—”

Risum Teneatis Amici?

But as the Reputation of the Poet and the Gentleman here hinted at, may be of some Consequence, I suppose we shall (now the Subscription is over) hear no more such idle Tales.

1st. Dale. *How my Blood boils!*

2d. Dale. *Who is this honest Spokesman?*

3d. Dale. *What, know ye not Rodolphus, the great Joke’s-man,*

By some miscall’d, Rodolphus of the Mines?

A better Butcher ne’er struck Steel thro’ Chines.

All this is very fine, as is what follows.

1st. Dale. *We are no Bastards.*

2d. Dale. *No.*

3d. Dale. *We’re Dalecarlians.*

N. B. The *Dalecarlians* and the *Wild Irish* were all honestly married. Pray, Sir, may not a Son of a Whore be an honest Fellow?

In this Scene *Gustavus* frequently repeats what he has often said before; and the Close of the Whole is —after an Hour’s haranging a Parcel of mad

Raga-

Ragamuffins, he works them up to make a great Noise, which he compares to an Earthquake—The Shouts of supernumerary Attendants, Candle-Snuffers, and Scenemen, in a Play-House, is just as like an Earthquake, as our modern *Gustavus* is like a real Hero.

Gust. Give me my Arms—Off, off, ye dark Disguises!
For I will be myself. (In Irish Frizes)

*Gustavus comes once more to lead you on
To laurell'd Victory and fam'd London.*

Here the Player was to throw off his Country Jacket and discover a rich Waistcoat; his tallest Cap and Feather was to be put on, and his best full-bottom Peruke; his Basket-hilt Toledo-Trusty being delivered to him by a Page upon one Knee—He then was to make a Bear-Garden Flourish and strut up-and-down the Stage—Oh lud!—Like any thing!—And what a fine Sight would that have been! And what a bouncing brave Figure would the Actor have made here! During this Grotesque sort of Pantomime, the dirty *Dalecarlians* were to lay their wise Nobs together, and, with Winks and Nods, to utter the following pretty Stuff.

1st. Dale. *Is it?*

2d. Dale. *Yes.*

3d. Dale. *No.*

4th. Dale. *'Tis he!*

5th. Dale. *'Tis he!*

6th. Dale. *'Tis he!*

This put's me in mind of the Whispering Scene in the *Rehearsal*, between King *Pbiz* and King *Ush*, viz.

“ K. *Pbiz*. First He——

“ K. *Ush*. Secondly They——

“ K. *Pbiz*. Thirdly and Lastly, both He and

“ They—crys *Bayes*——“ Now one Whispers—Now

“ t'other Whispers—Now mind how I make 'em

“ both Whisper, and so they go off Whispering.”

But

But mark how the Diction rises.

Siv. Strike me, ye Powers!—It is Illusion all!

[* A Shout.

It cannot.

Gust. What, no nearer?

Siv. 'Tis, it is—— [Falls and embraces his Knees.

Gust. O Speechless Eloquence!

Rise to my Arms, my Friend.

Siv. Friend! said you Friend?

O my Heart's Lord! My Conq'rour! My!——

That's all! That's all!—A Flash of a Prologue only! as Bayes says: But, when is the Play to begin? By-and-by: When three or four Acts of it are over.

[Exeunt Dalecarlians hollowing and howling
Gustavus, Gustavus, Liberty, &c.

Enter Anderson.

And. There was a glorious Sound!—or, Irish Howl.

To us foul Weather's fair, and fair is foul.

What Pity it is this Play was not acted; I wish it had, if it were but for the Enjoyment of the Horse Laugh, which the Pit would have certainly burst into at this Passage, as well as many others—As thro' many Parts of the Play they would, no doubt, have applauded the Performance by a Chorus of Whines and Groans, an Occasion for which, often occurs thro' the Whole.

And. This is a Stratagem that saps the Miner,

Makes Treason turn a Traitor to itself,

And mock its own Designs.

Treason turning Traitor to itself is incomparable—Sapping the Miner is deep, indeed—It mocks all Sense, all Meaning, all Design.

Arv. ————— It shall be done—

Empire! Cristina! tho' th' affrighted Sun

Start

* A Theatrical Shout has always a fine Effect on the Upper Regions, or Twelve-penny Gallery: We have 'em often quoted in this Play, to as little purpose as now.

*Start back with Horror of the direful Stroke,
It shall be done. Calm, calm the Hell within,
Thy Looks may else turn Traitors——*

Oh! Glorious Bombast and consummate Nonsense! what Sort of a Figure would those *Looks* have made, were they condemn'd to be hang'd, drawn and quarter'd, for *turning Traitors*?

Enter Gustavus.

They look for some Time on each other——

(As one Fool may upon another)

—Arvida lays his Hand on his Sword——

(And still takes Care to break his Word)

—And withdraws it by Turns——then advances irresolutely.

Here was Room for a World of important Pantomime——A rare Stage Trick, when Poets don't know what to say, to leave the Actors to themselves to look Part of a Scene——One should be certain of the Players tho'——Or they might make but foolish bungling Work on't.

Arv. *I know thee not——*

*It is the Time's Eclipse, and what should be
In Nature, now is nameless.*

This is the *Eclipse of Sense*; and what in *Nature* the Author meant, is *nameless*.

Arv. *Have I not dream'd?*

Yes——And the Author too, that he was writing a Tragedy.

Arv. O, my Dawn

Must soon be dark——

That dark Dawn is sublime, indeed.

Arv. ————*For I stand*

Upon a Spire, against whose sightless Base

*Hell breaks his Wave beneath; for Satan here had
Grace.*

Here the Author, in his Dream, like the Devil, got on the Pinnacle of Nonsense, and then was afraid of being drown'd in Liquid Brimstone—Poor Man,
how

how wild he must look when he talk'd at this Rate—But he's excusable—There are great Inconsistencies and Interludes in Dreams, almost as many as there are in this Play. Take the four following Lines of *Dryden's*, and see if he describ'd them unjustly.

“ Dreams are the Interludes which Fancy makes,

“ When Monarch Reason sleeps, this Mimick wakes ;

“ Presents a Medly of disjointed Things,

“ A Court of Coblers, or a Mob of Kings.

Gust. *Who knows no Fault, my Friend, knows no Perfection.*

I know what you would say, my Dear, but you talk Nonsense for all that.

Gust. *The Rectitude that Heav'n appoints to Man*

Leads on thro' Error ; and the kindly Sense

Of having stray'd, endears the Road to Bliss ;

It makes Heaven's Way more pleasing ! O my Brother,

'Tis hence a Thousand Cordial Charities

Derive their Growth, their Vigour, and their Sweetness.

This short Lapse

Shall to thy future Foot give cautious treading,

Erect and firm in Virtue.

In this Speech he thought of a Guide—and a Journey—and going out of the way—and coming to the Right—and of a Distiller—and sweet Cordials—and what they are made of—and a fuddled Man stumbling—and then of his recovering his Legs and catching hold of a Post—and of—whu! what not?

Gust. *You shall not pass.*

Arv. *I must.*

Gust. *Whither ?*

Arv. *I know not—O Gustavus !*

Oh delicious—much upon a Par with O *Swedes ! Swedes ! oh Danes ! Danes !* or—oh ! *Huncamunca ! Huncamunca !* oh !—I really believe *Arvida*, when he says, “ *He knows not whither he would go ;* and

the AUTHOR, if he dare be ingenious, will, I believe confess, HE did not know neither.

Arr.——Pardon may ——

*There's the Letbean Sweet, the Snow of Heav'n,
New blanching o'er the Negro Front of Guilt,
Fair as th' unwritten Page——*

Here the Author has dignified Meaning quite away. His *Letbean Sugar-Candy* he provided for 'liquorish Children, I suppose—And then, mind how he finds out a new Way of washing a Black-a-moor white—By laying him down with his Face upwards, to be snow'd upon : That *fair unwritten Page* is a good Contrast to the many *Sheets he has foully blur'd and cruelly blotted.*

Enter Gustavus followed by the Dalecarlians, Anderfon, Arnoldus, Sivard, Officers, &c.

Well, here enter the *Dalecarlian Mob*——As unlike *Shakespear's* Citizens (which they are a poor Imitation of) as this *Gustavus* is unlike the *Brutus*, and the *Cato*, which were never to be talk'd of more after this Play made its Appearance. Thus, I am told, did some of the most Ignorant of the Players chatter among their pleasant Companions, over their Two-penny—But their Knowledge of Poetry and Politicks, is much upon a Parr with their Knowledge of their Profession ;

“ And some of them have shewn themselves to be

“ What no Man living e'er would wish to see.

Thro' this Scene we have the same dull Hibernian Stuff so often repeated, it becomes more tedious than

“ A twice told Tale,

“ Fretting the dull Ear of a drowsy Man.

And by that Time the Author has ended his third Act, we find his Hero got no farther than he was at the End of the first.

The *Word LIBERTY* is so often thundered in our Ears, thro' every Scene, one would imagine, by the Dearth of Imagination that appears thro' this
Author's

Author's Writings, he thought *all Liberty* was but a mere *Word, Sound or Eccho*; for, thro' the whole Play he gives us no Characteristick of the *Thing* itself: But I own (as I would give the Devil his Due, tho' he should take the Author) I am inclinable to believe, he wou'd if he cou'd.

1st Dale. *Let us all see him!* Every Man *John* of us.

2d Dale. *Yes, and bear him too.*

3d Dale. *Let us be sure 'tis he himself,* and no-body else.

4th Dale. *Our General—Our Blood-Bolt and old Buffer.*

5th Dale. *And we will fight while Weapons can be found.*

6th Dale. *Or Hands to weild 'to them; or be hang'd or drown'd.*

7th Dale. *Get on the Bank, Gustavus.*

Here the sagacious Prompter propos'd to mount the Player upon a Joint-Stool, artfully conceal'd by a Piece of painted Cloth, to represent a rising Bank, or small Hill—Where the Actor might make as compleat a Figure as the itinerant Preacher (or vagrant Collector) does on *Kennington Common*, and then enthusiastically harangue his Mob 'till some of them becoming as mad as himself, might get proper Apartments provided for them in *Bedlam* or *Bridewell*. I fancy, to confute them and their Followers, would be no hard Task, if undertaken by two Justices, and the Keeper of a House of Correction; they need not quote many Books, I believe, besides the *VAGRANT* and *RIOT Acts*. Acts of Parliament in some Cases have been found of Use to convince, as well as the Acts of the Apostles.

Gust. *What are fifty, what a thousand Slaves,
Match'd to the Sinew of a single Arm,
That strikes for Liberty?—*

Observe how the bold brave *Broughton*, with a strong Arm beats a Number of chicken-hearted
D 2 sapless

sapless Bums : What other Picture is drawn here ?

Gust. *He who wants Arms, may grapple with the Foe
And so be furnish'd*——

A pretty Sort of a scrambling, Snatch-Battle truly !
What Soldier e'er beheld such a one ? Or what
Painter could draw it ? But the humerous *Hogarth*,
to make the Mob grin : 'Twould be a rare Confusion
of bloody Noses, crack'd Crowns, cropt Ears, and
bloody Fingers. The hard Names of Men and
Towns, and Towns and Men, dispers'd thro' this
Scene, and, indeed, thro' the whole Play, were e-
nough to have broke the Teeth of the Players in
pronouncing them, or the Teeth of a Tooth-drawer,
as I doubt they would the Drum of every Auditor's
Ear in hearing them.

Gust. *I feel, I feel them fill me out for Fight,*

They lift my Limbs as feather'd Hermes light !

Here the Player, I suppose, was to have cut a Caper.

Gust. *Or like the Bird of Glory, tow'ring high,*

Thunder within his Grasp, and Light'ning in his Eye !

To make it a good Triplet, one of the Players
propos'd to add,

At Sir John Oldcastle's see an Eagle fly.

Here the Player was to roar himself hoarse, and
to go off with a Bounce.

A C T IV.

Troll. *Let Heav'n spy out for Virtue, and then starve it :*

But Vice and Frailty are the Statesman's Quarry.

I don't know which to admire most, the blasphemous
Complement paid to Heaven, or——The im-
pudent, false Reflection thrown on Statesmen.

The innumerable Hums and Ha's ! in this Play,
would make one suspect the Author for a Quaker :
But they (however particular in some Things they
appear) are generally Men of superior Sense to this
Bard ; tho', thro' this pretty Piece of Poetry of his,
he

he would insinuate, he had all his Senses in Perfection; which Secret he discloses to us by his frequent Use of the Words—*I feel, I see, I hear, &c.* I believe they are repeated at least a hundred Times—But they serve to fill up, and help him out at a dead Lift.

I take it to be part of the Business of a Tragick Writer to raise Terror, as well as Pity; but *Gustavus* resigning his innocent Mother and Child, to be butchered, excites Horror; and must be shocking to an *English* Audience, who barely endure the *Roman Brutus*, for condemning his Son *Titus* to Death, tho' proved a Conspirator and Rebel. This Scene is a poor Imitation of *Nat. Lee*—But, in the vain Design of outdoing *Lee*, our modern *Gustavus* is barbarous.

Augusta. ————— *Why, why, Gustavus,*

Why is this Form of Heaviness? —————

No bad Hint, I own, to the Gentleman design'd to play *Gustavus*: He's an extraordinary Actor, and would fully have answered the Expression of *Augusta* — *A Form of Heaviness?*

ACT V.

Enter four Slaves as bearing the Bodies of Augusta and Gustava on a Bier covered—four Women in Chains follow weeping.

Here, after the Example of *Bayes Senior*, our Younger begins his Act with a Funeral. I suppose he was very sad when he wrote it—It outdoes the Funeral of *Lardella* all to nothing. She had only King *Phiz* and King *Uss* to attend her Coarse; but our Poet, resolv'd to make the Scene grand indeed, brings on two Coffins and four *Maudlin* Attendants chain'd — 'Tis pitiful—'Tis wonderous pitiful! who that had beheld the Coffins brought on, and carry'd off (by dismal looking Death-hunters, all cloath'd in black) but must have cry'd “It was a moving Scene?”

By

By the Description little Master *Laertes* gives of the Battle (which is the only Business of the last Act ; and which makes much such a Figure as *Bayer's* Battle of Hobby Horses, &c.) one must suppose Mr. *Gustavus* such a fee-faw-fum Man, that he kill'd all the Enemy himself—I wonder he did not eat them afterwards.

Enter Cristiern upon a flying Horse, without his Helmet, his Head broke in several Places, in great Confusion and Disorder, half drunk, and quite mad. His Coat and Shirt all dirty and bloody. His Whinyard eat by Gustavus to a Dagger—He throws away his Sword, knocks out the Candles, kicks Laertes round the Stage, frightens Miss Kitty out of her poor little Wits, and then—“ Then he does talk ! Good Gods ! How he does talk !”

There's Pantomime and Machinery for you — The Siege of Troy in *Bartholomew Fair* ; or, *Perseus and Andromeda*, in *Drury-Lane*, never came up to it. The Author here must acknowledge himself obliged to the Description of *Raw-head and Bloody Bones*—A terrible Man often talk'd of to frighten crying Children. Mind some of the following Dialogue.

*Crist. There is a falling Dagger in that Tear, **

To kill thy Child, to murder Critty dear.

Crist. Then thou'rt my Critty ?

Crist. Yes, upon my Shoul !

Crist. My Child !

Crist. Arrah ! Fait ! and Troth ! am I.

Crist.

* I have heard of weeping Blood, but this Monarch can weep Daggers, ay and such thumping Tears as are able to contain 'em. Sure our Author had been reading *Gulliver*, 'till he fancy'd himself, his Hero's and Actors, all of the *Brobdignagian* Race—I wonder he did not make him weep Pikes, Petronels, Petards, Pateraroes and Firelocks ; he might as well one as the other : But, if he did not care to deal at all in Fire Arms—'T would certainly have heighten'd the Scene if he had chang'd that *falling Dagger* to a *glaring Backsword*—would it not have made a bolder Figure ? It would read, speak, and look quite as well, and have full as good an Effect.

Critt. *Curse me ! then curse me ! join with Heav'n and Earth*

And Hell to curse !

Pretty Instructions for Daddy to give his nown dear Girl.

Critt. O wave those Things, Dad-da !

Troll. — — — Ha ! I'm going,

But wether ? No one near ! to feel ! to catch !

The World but for an Instant ! for one Ray

To guide my Soul ! her Way grows wond'rous dark,

And down, down, down ! and a downa ! [Dies.

Enter Gustavus, Anderson, Arnoldus, Sivard, &c. in Triumph. Gustavus advances, and the rest range themselves on each Side of the Stage.

Gust. *That we have conquer'd, first we bend to Heav'n !*

[Gustavus bows.

And. *And next to thee !*

[Anderson bows.

All. *To thee ! to thee ! Gustavus ! [They all bow round.*

All this While the Musick plays, Bayes's bowing Dance, as in the *Rehearsal* ; and Drawcanfir-Gustavus stands in the Middle unmov'd, and unmindful of his Slaves, who all bow round to him, and one another : And then says Teague — “ Ubu-boo ! upon my Shoul it is a very pretty Sheremony ! —

What becomes of Miss Critty is not clear'd up—Various have been the Conjectures—Some say, she went to the Boarding School—Others, that she went to nurse her Pappa—Some hint she went Prentice to a Milliner or Semstrefs—Others, that she run away with one of her Father's Footmen—While many confidently affirm, she turn'd out a strolling Actress, and made shift to get a comfortable Subsistence by it : If so, much Good may it do her, and I take my Leave of her and Gustavus Vasa, or Vasa Gustavus, Esq; being a little tired with their Company.

The Three first Acts of this Play, I am told, was wrote at Leisure, and took up a considerable Time—I shall only say, I wonder a Man could be long

long about them—The Two last were finished since the Author's honouring the *English* Nation with his Presence—And were dispatch'd in a few Weeks—To which permit me to reply, I wonder a Man could write so much Stuff in so short a Space—Had this Dramatic Piece been wrote before the Essay on the Profund, the Gentlemen, who favour'd the Town with that humorous Piece, need not have been at the Trouble of ransacking and rumaging many obsolete Authors, for various Examples of Profundity; since, I think, I may venture to say, this notorious Bard, alone, would have furnished 'em with enough. I am almost inclin'd to believe, little *Gustavus* was dull enough to read that Essay, with a serious Attention; and not finding out the Joke, understood it all in a literal Sense, and then took it into his deep Head to write a Tragedy: To which the Motto might have been *De Profundis Clamavi*.

But I grow weary of writing on this Subject, as, I doubt not, by this Time, you are of reading, and I must check myself from proceeding, since it is certainly as much misemploying of Time, as it would be to read all that has been wrote by *Settle*, *Theobalds*, or *Banks*, &c. and then to write Critical Notes on their Works—All such Authors this *Gustavus* seems to have studied, admired, and copied. To them and his Admirers I leave him, and am,

(With that high Honour,

Great Respect, and

Profound Regard he deserves)

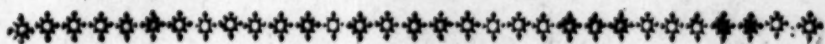
His very humble Servant, &c.

Now for the Epilogue, and then good Night.

This Epilogue was propos'd in Lieu of an Entertainment, it seems; but may truly be said to be, the most unentertaining Epilogue that ever was attempted

tempted—The Drift of it seems to be, to re-commend the Author as a special Man for wanton Widows ; and Madam *Cristina* as a Pattern of Chastity : While poor *Nell* was to delight the Ladies with as coarse common-place Smut as ever shock'd Modesty.

F I N I S.



Speedily will be published,

A PANTOMIMICAL FARCE, of one Act, call'd,
A Bold Push for a Protection, or a Privilege ; or,
A Sailor turn'd Beau——and a Beau turn'd Sailor.
As it was lately Rehears'd, in several Ale-Houses,
at a Sea-Port-Town.

“ *Did not you hear of a gallant Sailor,*
“ *Whose Pockets they were lin'd with Gold?*

Anon.

“ *The Ladies look'd out of their Windows to see*
“ *So Gay and so Gallant a Sight-a !*

Suckling.

“ *Some Men grow great from their Revenues spent,*
“ *And fly from Bailiffs into Parliament.*

Young's Univers. Passion.

Printed for *Toby Littlewit*, for the Benefit of the Author, and the Master of the Company, to make 'em amends for their Disappointment, and the incredible Losses they sustain'd by this Farce not having it's desir'd Success : The Majority of the Audience (on a *Critical Scrutiny*) when it came to be perform'd in the Town-Hall, having disapprov'd the whole Performance, as a damn'd bad Thing.

N. B. This Farce was judg'd, however, no improper Piece to be tack'd to the Play of *Gustavus Vasa*.

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